


IVY LEAVES



FALL-WINTER, 1965

Anderson College



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IVY LEAVES

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COVER

In the spring of 1964 students were asked to submit suggestions for an appropriate title for this new literary magazine. Ellen Tillotson offered the appropriate and popular title—Ivy Leaves. Kathleen Inabinet is the artist.

CONTENTS

Editorial	3	
You, The Author	4	Mike Hatfield
Love of the Sea	12	Kaye Wooten
Simply Within	8	Ginger Gordon
Three Children	5	Tinka White
The Simple Farmer	6	Lewis Stewart
The River of Golden Dreams	6	Dubbie Belcher
Memory	11	Dubbie Belcher
Sea Shells	14	Marie Fowler
October Night	7	Ray Jones
Tedious Hours	10	Richard Laughridge
Rapt of Fancies	4	Sammy Collins
Flight	8	D. Byron Collins
The Role of the Negro in "Huckleberry Finn"	9	Joanne Griffith
The Golden Eagle	11	Tommy Sherman
When with Response	14	D. Byron Collins
Innocence	12	Shirley Kay Couch
Renovation	13	Connie Mahaffey

Editorial

In this year's first publication of **Ivy Leaves**, we have endeavored to present to our readers a representative selection of prose, poetry, and art. All the materials are prepared by members of the Anderson College community and to those contributors goes our deepest appreciation.

We hope in this magazine to convey appreciation and enthusiasm of literature and art, as well as the enjoyment we hope our readers will find.

You, The Author

"Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." In these words the Apostle John received the commission to write the Revelation. Upon reading this great work, one might assume that the writer was the top man in his class at the synagogue school and that he probably studied under one of the great teachers of the Temple at Jerusalem. Upon examining the record, one finds that there is much doubt as to who John exactly was. What then allowed him to write this great, prophetic work? The secret lies not in the man, his education or inspiration, but in the breathing of God's Holy Spirit. His was a recording of a personal encounter with God.

You and I are also writers. Our book is **The Gospel According to Us**. When people look at the contents sheet, are they led to further study of the subject? Many will glance at the cover today. What can the Critic of our lives read and say?

Rapt Of Fancies

Your dream long may be
Even to your eternity,
But by chance your
Fickled mind doth draw
Some mighty lance;
Then look not at what is,
But was.
Think not so closely of
Times when shattered
You were.

Take to the quick,
And commend thyself
For you've a friend
And need naught else.

—Sammy Collins



Three Children

There were once three children by the shore. Sandy-haired Jon was building a magnificent castle with shells and driftwood from the beach. Minute pink and blue shells formed the windows. Seaweed, gray and green, was embedded in the walls like ivy. Bleached-white driftwood towers lifted their heads high into the salty air—searching. With every detail perfect, the castle stood complete. Jon was pleased. For him beauty was not a matter of color, but a feeling of shape and structure—the smell and warmth about him. He longed to share his secret delight with others, but it was never the same; for Jon was blind.

Kit sat nearby and observed closely the construction of the sand castle. She was glad Jon had made it. Thinking that he did not realize the full value of his work, she could only hope he was pleased. To her the world was an extremely wonderful place. The way the sun came up over the water and chased the gulls from the rocks made her want to shout and sing her love for God. She wanted to tell everyone the stories she had heard from the waves, but Kit could not speak.

Dane was the third child. He sat apart from the others, on the rocks. Often the small gulls would come and rest beside him drawing comfort from the soft croon of his voice and the bread crumbs in his hand. With his dark eyes set on some unknown point, he watched the waves come in. In and out, in and out, the continual motion was hypnotic. The sweet child had found the shells for Jon; he had whispered

the mysteries of the sea to Kit. Now he remained distant on the rocks—aloof and alone. What he wanted no one knew for the mind of this child was a vacuum.

There were once three children by the shore. One was blind; one was mute; and one was retarded; yet, I say now, these children were blessed. For Jon could see the beauty of the world without facing its sham and repugnance. Kit knew the greatest secrets of life. She could hear all that was worth hearing, never having to make a hypocritical, vain, or false reply. And of the three, Dane was most blessed, for he loved all, enjoyed all, observed all, and was guarded by God.

—TINKA WHITE

The Simple Farmer

Quivering but dull, the mass
Ensnared of the skull:
"What rights these flights
Over the thumping pumping
Hills of my purpose?"
A simple farming fool am I,
Who to climp so high in this tree
That he might see.

From the birch I dropped;
The search stopped;
For I must hoe till the end
Of this fruitless row.
Ardent until the last.
"Hoe fast, you simple fool;
For the row does not end nor begin."

—LEWIS STEWART

The River Of Golden Dreams

With my heart and mind together, at the river's edge I stand.
I came this way a child, now I find myself a man.
I am sailing on this river, and the ship is within my soul,
I have just begun life's journey and have many miles to go.

It is a gentle river—its source the sweet memories of youth.
It is a mighty river—its course the way of life's truth.
The banks are of past dreams that have come to be.
And its challenge lies in tomorrows that I have yet to see.

DUBBIE BELCHER

October Night

I hurried along the road trying to ignore the chill of the October night. The hour was late and the night was still. A silvery moon hung majestically in the sky and cast beams of light over the countryside. The nip in the air had formed a light frost on the ground. The thought of a warm fire helped to quicken my pace.

The moonlight cast shadows along the road creating objects of illusion. As I gazed over this wonder of nature, I was filled with a sense of loneliness. A breeze began whirling the dried leaves creating an eerie sound which was magnified by my lonely feeling.

My eyes began to dart from side to side as they strained to see every object along the road. Suddenly, my eyes saw a silhouette against the skyline. An uncontrollable force stopped me, and I turned to focus my eyes on the image. It was the form of a man. He was standing on the crest of a hill and appeared to be looking beyond it.

Spellbound by this abrupt invasion of the still night, I walked toward the hill. As I neared the top I could see the man was deep in thought as he gazed knowingly into the valley below. I looked into the face of the man and saw deep set lines of age imbedded in his wrinkled brow. His eyes were filled with compassion as he stared at the valley.

Suddenly, the valley was illuminated and I stared in unbelieving awe as familiar and yet, unfamiliar happenings began to unfold before me. A strange feeling swept over me as I witnessed a parade of wondrous sights pass through the valley. Joy, sadness, failure, and triumph were present throughout the procession. I looked at the old man and a tear was trickling down his cheek. The parade was nearing its end and the man turned to leave. He became aware of my presence and looked into my face but, still he did not speak. A smile appeared on his face as he looked at me. Nodding his head, as in approval, he walked out into the night.

I looked back into the valley and saw a young man hurrying along the road trying to ignore the chill of the October night. The hour was late and the night was still. A silvery moon hung majestically in the sky and cast beams of light over the countryside. The nip in the air had formed a light frost on the ground.

—RAY JONES

Simply Within

Peace and contentment's all I ask,
To bring my life outside in,
To be soft and warm
Like a baby cuddling a blanket,
A baby with security—
—My life needs meaning.

Where do I find this meaning?
If I stay enclosed,
How will it find me?
My life is doomed!
It is and shall always be.

—GINGER GORDON

FLIGHT

What other paths to take,
Or make is there.
Which life to use,
When with many lives,
Inside one strives.

How many sparrows will live . . . die
Before these arrows of doubt
Cease to sing on me.

Singing upon ruddy skin, these attract
But only drawing the dimmer things
From a mind asleep.
I nod inside that mass of time worn deep.
And where comes heated light
To burnish a heart not happily at leap.
Through me nothing seaps or even creeps.

I seem to be a spot
Hidden from Thee.
A soul amass,
Filled like bumpers, with potent gas,
But no spark to ignite.
Only self contempt
Then flight, then flight
Is there, then flight.

—D. BYRON COLLINS

The Role Of The Negro In "Huckleberry Finn"

The story of **Huckleberry Finn** has become to most people a picture of the South and the plight of the Negro in America just before the time of the Civil War. The story is an indictment of slavery and the regard of the Negro of this period. The Negro race as a whole was in slavery and few Negroes were ever freed or ever knew what it might be like not to be a slave. Slavery was such an accepted institution that no one ever stopped to think—"Is this right or is it wrong?" The common feeling among Southerners was that slavery was moral, perfectly justifiable, and that they were doing the poor Negro a service by feeding him, keeping him clothed and giving him a place to live, and, in return, merely claiming his freedom. The Negro, whether slave, freed slave, or free Negro, was on the bottom of society, and in the eyes of the white South this was only right. Even the lowest form of white humanity had status over any Negro—slave, free Negro, rich or poor. Huck's no-good, drunken father, one of the sorriest specimens of humanity to be found in any literature, was highly incensed because he had met an educated Negro in a free state who could vote. In the eyes of the South, the color of skin made up for any presence of sorriness of human nature. The place for the Negro of the South was in slavery and this idea has been a slowly dying one. Even now, the accepted place for a Negro remains in servitude and abasement in many areas of the South.

In **Huckleberry Finn**, the true hero of the story is Jim. The story begins by showing Jim as an individual slave, but the idea is apparent that we are not looking at an individual slave, but at the Negro race as a whole, and as we travel down the river with Jim and Huck we come to know and understand Jim and at the same time come to know and understand the plight of the Negro.

At the widow's house we meet Jim as an illiterate, superstitious slave, as the greatest majority of all slaves were, and we see the life of the Negro as a slave. The Negro slave was not regarded as an individual but was only a possession of numerical value. Many times the prosperity of a man was determined by how many slaves he owned. Huck presumed Col. Grangerford was a wealthy man because he "owned a lot of farms and over a hundred niggers." Each Negro had his own market value, and buying or selling slaves was no different from buying or selling a cow or other farm animal. Because he knew the widow was going to sell him "down the river" for \$800, Jim ran away.

To the slave-owner, the Negro slave was valuable as a piece of property, but it seldom crossed his mind that the slave might have value as an individual. The slave had no rights. He was not entitled to an opinion and the white man never even considered the Negro as

having feelings or having the capacity to love. This idea that a Negro could have feelings amazed Huck when he awoke and heard Jim sobbing for his family. Huck thought, ". . . I do believe he cared just as much for his people as white folks does for their'n. It don't seem natural, but I reckon it's so." Perhaps this lack of understanding is responsible for the fact that parts of slave families were sold "up river" and others "down river" without too much thought.

Even the Negro's life was not considered of much value. If a Negro was killed, the thought was not of the loss of human life, because Negroes weren't thought of as human beings. In the conversation between Huck and Aunt Sally this fact is realized. When she asks if anyone was hurt in the explosion on the steamboat, Huck only tells her, "No'm. Killed a nigger." Her reply was, "Well it's lucky; because sometimes people do get hurt."

The Negro truly had a bad life at that time, for no matter what kind of person he was, or what kind of character, or education, or chances to make a good life he had, his future in the South held no hope or even promise of hope. Because of the color of his skin, he was doomed. Because of something he could not help, his life was miserable. Because his skin was black, and not white, his fate in life was determined and little could be done about it. To Huck, this was a minor difference after he came to know, understand, and love Jim for his inner qualities. To most other white people of that day and even to this day, it was and is a most important difference. What a terribly unfair standard humanity will use to make or break a man's life: the color of his skin!

—JOANNE GRIFFITH

Tedious Hours

Clouds of loneliness gape at me.
Golden memories of golden people
Come to rape my time.
Green smoke rises to cheap ceiling lights:
Audacious lights, piercing.
Such raucous rays!
The tapes of a strained mind
Reel to their ends peeling out a raucous whine.
Their slapping stinging ends rend the air.
Oh for just one friend!
Still I sit in fires of loneliness and pine.

RICHARD LAUGHRIDGE

The Golden Eagle

High above the mountain peaks
The trees, valleys and silver creeks,
Sails the one of feathered splendor,
To death only will surrender
The life of freedom above the earth.

This domain of peaceful air
Was made impossible to compare,
With any joy down below,
The golden eagle only one to know
The life of freedom above the earth.

But some day as time passes on
When trees and rivers and eagles are gone,
And in their places are structures of man,
Buildings, highways, but no more land.
Gone will be freedom beyond the earth.

Gone will be green trees and flowing brooks
The eagle too will be only in picture books
Propelled man will not stop and see
How nice it was to live glad and free
On golden wings of bird and minds imagery!

—TOMMY SHERMAN

Memory

What is memory?—
But shadows, gargoyles, and distorted picture frames,
That stand in clouds of vagueness.
All that is left—
Of words; deeds, and thoughts
Remains in the mind.
To recall—
Is to cast a dim light on a memory.
And what is a memory?
But shadows, gargoyles, and distorted picture frames.

—DUBBIE BELCHER



Innocence

On the bank of a river sat a little lad,
So deep in meditation.
Caring not for his need, his color, or creed,
Just wondering about God's creation.

—SHIRLEY KAY COUCH

Love Of The Sea

As I sit here on the beach,
Watching the billows hit my feet.
I often wonder O'er and O'er,
Could one live upon thy floor.

Out in the calm mild and deep,
Away from everyone I'd keep.
Under the stars and moon that shine,
I'd be one of thee and thine.

—KAYE WOOTEN

The Renovation

The little girl running down the aisle of the plane disturbed the wealthy Andy Ross as he was looking over his stack of financial statements. "I wish people would leave their children at home," he thought. However, he did not fail to notice the shiny blond curls or the bright smile.

The small plane would reach Atlanta in an hour, and Andy Ross thought he would take a nap before he faced the ordeal of a meeting of vice-presidents. "Half of them are a bunch of incompetents," he thought. He did not have much faith in the ability of others to get things done; he believed he was the only one who could do the really important jobs.

His nap was rudely interrupted by a wild jolt that almost threw him from his seat. He felt the plane losing altitude. A woman and child were screaming, and the man across the aisle was sitting stiffly in his seat. The trees came nearer. There was another wild jump and then a crash like a clap of thunder.

Andy Ross smelled the dry earth and then saw a blade of grass. He raised his head and saw that he was lying on the ground. Smoke surrounded him. He turned on his side and saw the small plane in flames. He did not know how he had gotten out of the plane, and he really did not care.

A child was screaming. Ross realized that the child must be trapped in the plane. He knew he must make some effort to save the child, but he could not force himself to do it. He had struggled to his feet, but all he could do was stare at the flames.

Another man, one Ross had not seen, ran toward the plane. In a few minutes he carried out a child and then returned to the plane to carry out a woman.

The newspapers carried stories of the accident and gave a list of the passengers. The reporters did not fail to note that the great industrialist, Andy Ross, had been on the plane.

Andy Ross could not forget that he had failed. Someone had done something he could not do. He would have let a child and woman die because he could not force himself to perform what might have been the most important act of his life.

Wall Street saw a new man after this incident. Some said Ross had lost his old ability to get things done. Others said he had only become human.

—CONNIE MAHAFFEY

When With Response

The rain and my heart beat on.
Melodies were sung in silent song.
Molded puddles covered teeming turf.
Bursting beads toppled to earth.

In my prisoning room was pungent calm,
And I encased, choking in despondent balm.
I wished water pools dry at the snap of fingers.
I invoked earth's sun.
Night had just begun.

Then the rain ceased.
There was resting air, silent still.
My tears were gone.
A heaving heart slowed.

Strong hands held me with strong fingers.
Someone gazed into a tear smattered face.
That gaze was not lost, but lingers, lingers.

D. BYRON COLLINS

Sea Shells

The sea shells have a story,
But one they will not tell;
I'd love to hear their story
But I guess it's just as well.

They probably tell of travels,
Down in the ocean deep.
Of lobster, shrimp and oysters,
That are there asleep.

They would tell of traveling,
In waters deep and wide.
And how one day they finally
Came on shore to hide.

—MARIE FOWLER





